

The Medium Sucks! on page 10 Fran Lawrence Sucks on page 4 and Pegs Suck on page 2

the entertainment weekly of Rutgers University

THE

MEDIUM

LIVINGSTON COLLEGE

Then he growled with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST find some way to stop Christmas from coming!"

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X-Mas Sucks!



by Sebastian Bernheim

Well, it's Christmas time again folks, and the halls are busily being decked with balls of indeterminate composition while Bing Crosby, that ever-popular seasonal muse, gives throat to chestnuts, ect... It is a festive time of year in America. Little children prepare love-letters to the all-knowing and ever-benevolent saints while big children hang the iconography of pagan gods long since absorbed into the dominant faith, stealing kisses under toes of mis-sile when the chance presents itself. Ah yes, every year, just after Thanksgiving, that special Holiday gleam glimmers in every shopkeeper's eye and I know it's Christmas-time again. Well permit me to say, at the risk of seeming slightly north of Who-ville, bah-fucking-hum-bug!

I hate Chnstmas. I have hated Christmas all my life. When I was a little kid I used to climb out onto a snow-covered roof and lie in wait for carolers. Anyone who stopped to sing at my door got nothing but snowballs, sometimes with a little gravel mixed in. Store clerks who wish me "Merry Christmas, sir," get a terse "Fuck you" with change. Every year, from Thanksgiving to that despised holy-day, I stomp around PMSsing until Christmas is over.

Why do I hate Christmas? Didn't my parents ensure my love of the jolly red man with a truckload of presents every year? Of course not! I'm Jewish, you asshole! That is partially why I can't stand Christmas. It is a religious holiday, despite what anyone says, and an all-invasive jingoistic attempt at conversion. The whole thing started when intended converts refused to give up their respective winter-solstice celebrations! Those megalomaniac Christians just made up a spanking new holiday so the pagan converts could keep their pet holiday and still accept Christ as their

(continued on page 5)

Holiday Opinions in your living room by the fire

A Warm Cannibal Christmas Story

by Craig J. Conte

"Gaah" she said to me as I tried to ask the RU Parking Services attendant why she had the keen eye to see that I did not have a permit for the College Avenue Parking Deck, yet not the savvy and street sense to keep guard my car from being vandalized by some pack of wild vegetable eating pack of disillusioned sacks of juicy, tender morsels of cannibal feed. I guess she would have been a little bit more responsive if I hadn't unpaled her with my blazing intent of flame and fury and had begun to ingest the succulent scraps of flesh which just moments ago remained attached to her pitiful form, but now were my between debauchery snack (like a between meal snack for you mortals).

you. Not every cannibal chooses to be a cannibal. Sometimes a person just gets hungry and needs food; and you have to admit that a well fed person does have a lot of meat on them, and they are easy to track and catch.

But as I was proclaiming, not every cannibal chose his or her lifestyle - take Alfred G. Packer for instance. Now here's a case where a perfectly so-called normal individual who never ate human flesh before was shown the light and converted to being the eater, and no longer the eaten. Back in 1874, Packer survived for 55 days on the rotting flesh of a group of travelers he was hired to guide through a mountain pass in Colorado. They got lost, it was a rough snow storm, he didn't have

any of the vegetables your society exalts as the end all of cuisine, so he did what anyone of you would do - eat his bosses. Docs that make him a bad person - I think not. Of course after the rescue team found him, and twenty four half eaten corpses, they were a little womed, but Packer explained what had happened and everything was groovy. That was until Packer tried to eat the rescue team's junior member - little Johnny Petersen. Then they locked him up and tried him as if he were a criminal,

Hey, the guy was hungry.

Why in the name of all those who are trying to aid the Ancient Ones cross the great void via the gate and reclaim their earth does cannibalism get such a bad rap?! I just want to eat your flesh is that so wrong?! Would you smile the scorpion for stinging? Would you look down upon the lion for killing the zebra? No because that is their nature. Hunting down the human race and uses their tasty meats as sustenance is our nature ... and it could be yours.



After I dragged her carcass home and devoured the remaining canon from her skeletal mass, I began to think about cannibalism - its past, its present, and its future. And guess what, that's what my article this week is about.

I figured since the semester is, for all intents and purposes, over (except for that finals crap), what better time to be reflective?

You know, when I ask my food what they think of cannibalism (that is of course right before I begin to carve open their entrails with my trusty, precisely sharpened sickle of woe - available at all True Value Hardware

Stores), I get a negative response. Why is that? As I said in my first article, and I've reiterated in every following one, there is a definite cannibal bias here at Rutgers. People are just not being open-minded about this.

Cannibals and the like are not all bad. Just because we feast upon the race from which we were sprung, doesn't make us necessarily innately evil, and by no means should we be considered second class citizens.

I would like to take this opportunity to get rid of some pathetic stereotypes which your agrarian based culture stills hold to be true about we who slaughter

Unpeg your pants...NOW!!! Before I have to kill you.

by Professor Guggenheimer

That's right, unpeg your pants now before I throw a fit and am forced to bring your life to an end. Do you people have any idea how retarded you are in a fashion sense? I didn't think so. Why don't you just go out and buy jeans that are tapered and regular length? Do you expect to grow taller? That's a load of shit because most of you, especially the girls, will put on weight, so it's the waist that will need tapering. Another thing which I find utterly repulsive are these I.O.U. / Psychowear apparels. If I see any more of these I swear I will vomit on the person wearing it. It's bad enough that you Psychowear wearers wear that shit already and make yourselves look like complete clowns, but pant pegging on top of that? Where the fuck do you people come from? Where ever it is I hope they consider those places as future nuclear testing cites. Are your parents also fashionably retarded? Or do you not have an iota respect for yourself? The only way I would wear any I.O.U. article of clothing is if 1) I was paid 2) I was forced by physical means or 3) if I was freezing to death.

Don't get me wrong, you "GUIDOs" aren't the only tools running around with pegged pants, there's a lot of you GAP-saps who do the same thing. Personally I am sick

of the GAP. Every time I go in I get depressed from all those drab colors, and GAP jeans seem to be a favorite among pegging junkies. I'm not complaining because I can't peg my pants, but because I feel that it is my social responsibility to bring the subject matter to life. I am by no means a fashion expert, in fact sometimes I clash almost as bad as some of those people who you can't figure out if they are hippies or Army/Navy surplus buffs. But I do dress for occasion most of the time.

No one is safe from my biting snideness. You bozos who wear pants which are S sizes to large so that your ass pockets are down by the back of your knees, should all be gathered up, forced to dig a ditch, and then shot in the back, thrown in the pit & then covered up. Really, what the fuck is the point of wearing your pants like that. What, did you take a dump in your pants & you feel like carrying it around all day and displaying it because you are fixated in the freudian anal stage. No, it's because you're stupid and you follow a trend which should not be known to our society.

One last thing before I go. If I see any more personals in a language other than English, I will hunt you down and kill your parents. P.S. Have a nice day.

Max would like to wish you all a happy and safe Christmas (or whatever), but he personally prefers that you all die a blazing, fiery death at his hands.

-Mr. Camden, Opinions Editor

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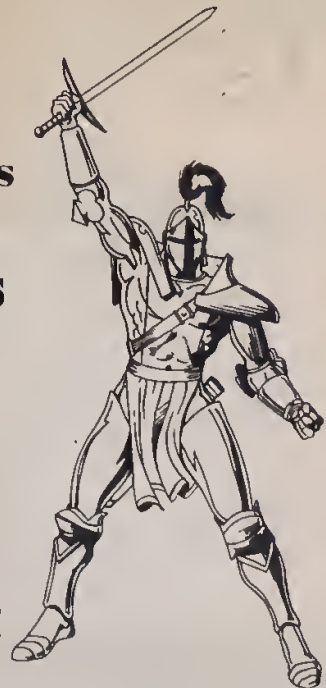


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Poto has fun with a tape recorder

Poto Undercover: LAWRENCE

Puts his foot in his mouth this time

What would you give to get straightforward answers from President Lawrence on such issues as tuition hikes, the BOG meeting fracas, his views on NJPIRG, his salary, and Rutgers budget spending. Well, you'll never get them, BUT POTO DID. Superior ingenuity, as well as inside contacts, allowed me to place a small tape recorder ON LAWRENCE'S PODIUM during the most recent of Senate meetings where he was FORCED to answer THESE VERY QUESTIONS. Hold on to your jellybeans, cause Poto is taking you on a wild ride through Lawrence's worst nightmare, THE TRUTH, and will prove to all of you that THIS MAN LIES (or at least, can't get his stories straight).

The first round of questions was rather benign, allowing him to answer virtually sweat free. When asked how is experience so far at RUTGERS has been different from his job at TULANE, he replied, rather sheepishly, "At Tulane I worked a twelve hour day, six day week.

At Rutgers I work an eighteen hour day, seven day week," he finished with the ever so comforting, "And I enjoyed it." (Phew... that was easy, right Fran, but they get tougher) The next question was why he did not accept letters from 350 students that were presented to him at the Friday the 13th (snicker) BOG meeting. His Reply was that "the appropriate way to register one's opinions is to send it through the mail" apparently, Lawrence doe's not accept hand delivered posts (such as subpoenas.) He stated that the public presentation of these letters was a "Theatrical Performance" (like the dance outside) and he "Had the right to decline participation in it" (We would have loved you to dance with us Fran.)

The next question had to do with the reason behind the videotaping of the entire incident... Meeting, dance, and all, and if it incriminated anyone at all. He said "We wanted a factual record of what was occurring" (so did R. KING.)

He also said that anyone's incrimination in the tape "depended on their actions" (cops excluded... of course.)

Fran maintained that he was not the highest paid president of a university, he then proceeded to list Universities that Paid higher salaries. Most of these schools would have us as students, if they were not the CREAM OF THE CROP.

He listed Vanderbilt, Tulane, Columbia, Boston U, MIT, Chicago, Duke, Stanford, Princeton, Florida, Missouri, Texas and Penn. State. The ones in this list that are not astronomically selective have

variety of necessary projects", and that "Whatever we have left is spread minimally everywhere." (Check your coat Fran, you dropped some change.)

Fran began to frown at the realization that the next barrage of interrogatives would be from SENATE MEMBERS and STUDENT SENATORS, and would be even more psychologically damaging

than the previous bombing.

The first question was issued from Kerry Riordan, a Douglas college senator and one of the dancers from the BOG fracas. Her question, with accompanying narrative, dealt

Apparently, anyone who did not wish to speak on "the reformed building and grounds issues" could not speak

astronomical price tags, and all but the last four are PRIVATE institutions. True, the presidents in those schools are getting more money, but the students are LEARNING MORE, from MORE EXPERIENCED PROFESSORS. If I had the grades, as well as the money, I'd rather be at MIT then sweat hogging out here in Lawrenceville, and getting SUCKED DRY and SCREWED OVER.

When asked his position on USNJ, he promptly sidestepped the question by saying, "I have not expressed myself [on this question] either in favor or against USNJ" That Doesn't answer the question Fran. Thanks for nothing. He did say "We have to follow a process that the University Senate recommended." The question asked for his views on USNJ, not whether or not he has expressed them. If he had expressed them earlier, THE QUESTION WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ASKED. So once again, a question remains unanswered in obscurity, and Fran does the weasel dance for us all.

The last question in the salvo dealt with the fact that despite being "Forced" to cut back on courses and standards due to budget cuts, Rutgers still manages to make a profit, WHERE DOES THIS MONEY GO. The answer was that these profits, which Fran confusingly called "Other Transfers", were used for "a

variety of treatment of students at future meetings. She expressed her concerns for the safety of students, and pointed out that some students have become afraid to speak their minds, especially in the presence of Lawrence type big whigs (and Newark type cops.)

After Kerry was interrupted by Chairperson Paul A Lachance, Fran proceeded to answer her lengthy question with an intelligence on par with Dan Quayle, as Lawrence quipped "There is no way I can answer that question in FIVE minutes, let alone TEN or FIFTEEN." (At this point... Poto says to himself "Fran, you stupid backwards FUCK".) Ladies and gentlemen, ponder that last Lawrence quote, derive the intelligence in it, the lack of cranial ability, and the obvious deficit in the grasp of time relationship. Now think, HE IS IN CHARGE (we're doomed.) Lawrence explained that he Wouldn't "get into the details of the activity." He also said quite explicitly that he had NOT seen the video (remember this point... quiz to follow), nor was outside where the dance was taking place. He stated "There is a different between free speech and behavior" (We should all be well behaved and KISS HIS ASS.) He began to explain that to be on the agenda for a BOG meeting one must "speak to the items on the agenda, if that is

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ONE SINGLE, DISGUSTING ENTITY

Brain	Sebastian Bernheim
Right Hand	Joe Raffiani
Wallet	Darryl Dufresne
Muscle	Harry Kramer
Penis	Michael Haskell
Mouth	Poto
Beer Gut	Jason A. Wisdom
Ears	D.J. Sussman
Boots	Lee Carpenter
Handshake	Patrick McPartland
Nostrils	Jon Ressaules &
	Lori Burke
Eyes	Joe Raffiani
	Lee Carpenter &
	Brian Schwartz

The LIVINGSTON MEDIUM is the campus newspaper of Livingston College and the entertainment weekly of Rutgers University. Unsigned editorials represent the views of a majority of the editorial board. All other signed articles are the opinions of the authors only and are not necessarily shared by the LIVINGSTON MEDIUM. Editorial and business deadlines are at Friday, 8:00 PM. The offices of the LIVINGSTON MEDIUM are located in the Livingston Student Center--Avenue D, Livingston Campus, Piscataway, NJ.

More Foot Sucking
Continued on Page 6

T'S A BIRD... IT'S A PLANE.. NO, IT'S FEATURES!!!

MADAME ZOLA'S HOLIDAY KRAFT KORNER

So, Christmas is soon upon us and you, as an average Rutgers student, peek into your bank account only to find that, over the course of the semester, you seem to have donated your entire life savings to Parking Services. Not to fret!! With a little ingenuity, one can, for less than the cost of a packet of Ramen Noodles, create oh-so-special holiday gifts from THINGS YOU FIND IN YOUR OWN GARBAGE!! Here's a few penny-pinching examples that I've actually used in past holiday seasons.

1) Ever wonder what to do with that carton of skim milk in the back of the fridge that was bequeathed to you and your roommates by previous tenants? Simply strain out the larger chunks and discard the yellowish stuff at the bottom of the container. Allow the chunks to dry (2-3 days), paint in fest-

ive, swirly colors. These little morsels make great paperweights, or, if you're the artsy type, they can be polished and used in homemade jewelry projects!

2) If you've got a friend with a passion for exciting hairstyles, try this: scrape the insides out of twelve or thirteen Ring-Dings, spoon into an old mayonnaise jar that you've soaked the labels off of, and relabel "HAIR MOUSSE". I don't know firsthand if this stuff is actually effective, but I've heard great things!!

3) Keep puzzling over what to do with old MEDIUMS? It's very simple. Just pick those crumpled copies of your favorite offensive issue out of the ol' dumpster, brush off the coffee grounds, and wrap 'em up in brown paper bags. Bird-loving

friends will surely appreciate these nifty and informative birdcage liners!!

So, get into the holiday spirit! Simply because your university is sucking you and your entire family dry, doesn't mean you and your friends can't live it up this holiday season!! Grab a bottle of Night Train (\$1.95 at Douglass Mart), shoplift a box of generic Cheerios, and party down!

Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah (even though we Jews know that Chanukah isn't really that important a holiday - the goyim are just trying to keep us from feeling left out),

From Madame Zola and the Medium



NOW GO AWAY!
MADAME ZOLA
HAS FINALS, YA
FUCKS.

BY THE WAY, LEE THE
FEATURES EDITOR
THOUGHT LAST
WEEK'S COVER WAS
CONTEMPIBLE,
AT BEST.



SEBASTIAN'S JUST JEALOUS...

CONTINUED FROM COVER

personal savior. Jesus was *not* born on Christmas, he was born on *Easter* you idiots! The whole holiday is an attempt to make one of the bloodiest and violent denominations of religion in the history of mankind seem like a jolly, happy, generous life-style embodied by a big fat Saint who dresses up in red and slides into your chimney in the middle of the night.

And Christmas is an invasion of privacy. Fine, go ahead and have your holiday, but leave me out of it. I don't want to be constantly harassed by Christianity for a full month out of the year. But nobody seems to think that I want my personal space to be respected anymore because it's Christmas goddamit, and I'm supposed to be happy or face being called a Gninch, a Scrooge, or any one of a host of derogatory names that aren't quite so limited to season. Fuck that! Why should I be happy just because everyone else wants me to be? All of the societal pressure to conform and allow the opiate of Christmas joy to seep into my brain only makes me resist harder. I can't help it.

Allright. I'm being irrational, but what is wrong with that? Why can't I hate Christmas and be left alone to sulk while everyone else opens presents? So what if my hatred of Christmas stems from some deeply rooted and deeply hidden psycho-sexual reason that I have long since forgotten? My wishes should be respected, and I should be allowed my right to pursue happiness through unhappiness if that is my

wish. But as the end of December approaches, everyone seems to forget about my rights and invades my brain with their stupid cheerful prattle about sugarplum faines and peace on earth. Double humbug!

Christians seem to think that Christmas supersedes all the protections that democracy has devised to ensure personal liberty. Separation of church and state is completely thrown out the window. Case in point, the New Brunswick Christmas Tree. I don't see an equivalent Menorah burning in the town square! And how about the piped-in Christmas music that blesses the ears of every shopper who happens to wander onto George St. Don't tell me that Christmas music is non-denominational because I wake up to the infernal wailings about "yon virgin, mother and child" every morning (my bedroom window overlooks George St.) What I hate most about Christmas is that you cannot get away. Christmas is EVERYWHERE, thanks to the all-American impulse to make a buck.

OK, so I'm rambling. Screw it all. Fuck Christmas and everything it stands for. Anyone interested in forming a People Against God And the Nativity Anti-Christmas Terrorist League (PAGAN ACT League) write to me via The Medium. The address is on the cover. We'll burn their trees! We'll take their last can of Who-hash! We'll kill Santa! Maybe Christmas will

still come (as the Gninch discovered) but at least it won't be in my face.

ho
fuckin'
ho
ho
ho.

Lawrence is gonna hate me for this

Still Suckin' Them Feet

From page 4

permitted. Some boards don't permit it. The agenda is sent out in advance, and it is clearly the agenda that the board is dealing with." Correct me if I'm mistaken, but issues that the BOG wishes to avoid could simply be omitted from these sacred agendas, and therefore never be addressed by students in a BOG forum. He then began to spin infinite yards about tuition, when Kerry's question did not even MENTION TUITION (just a jump to the left, then a step to the right.) He complained that discussing tuition would get us nowhere, when nobody had even suggested discussing tuition. He sidestepped the question like a kangaroo dodging a freight train. Apparently, anyone who did not wish to speak on "the reformed building and grounds issues" could not speak. With end of semester decisions around the corner, the students have more important things on their minds than grounds and buildings.

Lawrence said that the "activities" after the meeting "bothers all of us, it bothers me tremendously" because it is important for everyone "to be able to work out the

problems that we have in addressing the issues that the community brings before us." I suppose Fran must have really been bothered by the dance outside, he was by no means concerned, as he shows us by saying, "I was inside the room, and when it was over, I left to go to lunch."

(We thank you for your concern Fran.)

To function successfully as a university Fran suggests that we

must "accept the rights of others." (I suppose you meant this in theory Fran rather than from actual PRACTICE.) Fran states that "there are two sides to what happened, certainly the video shows it, and certainly the people who were there show it." (Fran, Question, I thought you never saw the video, you stated that earlier, GET STORIES STRAIGHT.) He says that "Our police are devoted to working with our students." (True, if using student inertia against students counts as working with them.)

On the subject of police brutality

toward students Fran through the mother of all curveballs when he said that "there are two parts to this story, there are stones that people OBSERVE, and the real is also the ACTUALITY." Is Fran implying that what people observe for themselves

He asks us to "reflect, and think, and basically agree with me."

and the truth are two entirely separate entities. This seems to put a clinch on the "seeing is believing" axiom. Lawrence informed us that "The police behaved in a very proper manner" (Properly laying out Xavier Hanson like a carpet.)

For future meetings, Lawrence had little pertinent information to add. He suggests that "you as individuals find a way to call directly and say 'I want to talk on that issue'." For someone to call in and say "I have 38 people who want to speak on this issue, is not going to get a very positive reaction." (Obviously Fran does not answer phones, he would rather answer 380 calls than 38, this man has too much time on his hands.)

The meeting is summed up with

Lawrence's most asinine plea for insanity yet, he asks us to "reflect, and think, and basically agree with me." So let's all do whatever our captain commands, so we all get screwed equally.

That, my friends, once again proves that this man, President Lawrence, probably needs either professional help, or better speechwriters. Polo undercover shows once more that trusting your education to this man is the equivalent to trusting a jigsaw puzzle to Mr. Magoo, or a virgin to a Kennedy, or Dan Quayle with anything. Get out there, voice your minds, and above all, keep alert, they are out to line their pockets at the expense of education. The only people who can stop them are people like me and you who give a damn and, thanks to Polo, know what's going on. See ya next semester.

All for now,
Poto

P.S. I got all this shii on cassette tape, and I'm liberal with information. Sure I took my own horn, but at least I don't lie, cheat, and (worst of all) backstab students.

All About Relationships

By Van Man and his Evil Cousin Quando

My evil twin, Skippy, is busy studying for finals, so I've asked my evil cousin, Quando, to assist me with this article

Relationships Ahh, two people in love. What a sickening sight. There are five main parts to a relationship: finding another person, dating, becoming an "item", sex, and breaking up. Now, let's discuss each part.

Who could be so perfect, so beautiful, so stupid to want to go out with you? Well as history dictates, there is someone for everyone. We think that finding someone is the hardest part of the relationship. How do you find that someone special? Frat parties? Doubtful. House Meetings? Yeah, right. Medium Personals? Well, maybe. What about those neat ads for women for sale that you can find in the back of some of those sleazy magazines? Nah, import tariffs are too high. How does one go about finding a love/pod/dess? If we knew this, we'd be on the hunt for gunt, instead of writing this article. Generally speaking, though, love rears its ugly head when you least expect it. Like: for instance, when making a withdrawal from a blood bank, getting mugged, or getting your public hair shampooed and shaved. You never know when Mrs. Right is going to show up (or Mr. Right, we wouldn't want to seem biased here). Not to go off on a tangent, but, how come women always seem to go out with men who treat them like the shit that they are? How come women would rather be friends with a nice

guy instead of sleeping with him? How come financial status makes a big difference in a woman's choice of a mate while it has little to do with a man's choice? How come men still think with their peckers? Why can't men and women be horny at the same time? You know, it's amazing that our species propagates. We can see a lot of the men out there going, "YEAH, why the HELL is that the shit? WHY?? Why ask why?" You know the rest.

Well, anyway, now that you've found that special someone, dating is the next step. This has got to be the biggest crock of shit in the entire history of the world. First dates are the WORST! You never know what to expect. She could have a huge open sore on her neck and it's leaking green pus! How does one tactfully tell her to wipe her boi? How many of us have made complete fools out of ourselves on a first date just trying to appear normal so as not to scare your date away? Why is this so difficult? We think that the first date should be done away with completely, and you should just skip right to the third date. No fuss, no muss, and NO SMALL TALK! Don't beat around her bush, just say what's on your mind! You'll save yourself a lot of explaining later. Oh, by the way, make her pay for the dates. It's about time that women pay for things. Nothing's worse than buying her a lot of goofy shit and then she tells you, "You take me for granted." If she buys you a lot of goofy shit and tells you, "You take me for granted," you can say, "You're right. I do. Now blow me, bitch."

After a few dates, you realize that you can tolerate one another. Uh Oh. Now

you're an "item." (His name here) and (her name here) sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g. Hopefully, neither one of you has regressed into disgusting cuteness. You know, sending them a love note, EVERY DAY, leaving cute messages on their answering machine, practice writing their name all over your paper instead of taking notes, that type of shit. If you know someone in this state, PLEASE, SLAP THEM SILLY! Once the silliness wears off, then the monotonous routine sets in. This is the true test of a relationship. The best way to break out of a rut is CHEAT! If you don't have the balls or lack of morals to do so, then at least dream about it. That will alleviate some of the pain and anguish of that feeling of being, uh, MARRIED!!

If you're lucky, you'll be cured of that ancient American Indian disease, lackanookie. This is where the fun comes in. This is what makes all the work in a relationship seem worth it. This is what makes life start to suck. After a while, even sex becomes routine. Same time every day (week, month, year), same old boring positions, same old flavors, scents, birthmarks, scars, etc. Now in order to enjoy sex, you have to WORK at it. Now you have to work to have fun? Good morning!! What a crock. That's why cheating is SOOO COOL!

Now that they've caught you cheating, or you just can't take the rut anymore, it's time to cut 'em loose! That's right, boys and girls, kick 'em the fuck out. This is where things get ugly. Remember earlier where we told you to be honest and not beat around the bush? This is where this comes in handy. In the final argument, you finally

learn the truth about your mate. You finally get to tell them what you hated about them, every little thing, right down to the leaving the top off the toothpaste or leaving the toilet seat down. You get to return everything they gave to you, or demand it all back from them, whichever your case may be. You get to sulk. You get to be lonely. You get to be depressing to all your friends. You get to be beaten by one of your friends for being so depressing. Then, you get over it. You realize that you're better off without them! They were just dragging you down, anyway! Yeah, that's better! No more frowning! I'm glad to be alive! I'm ready for more punishment! Find me a mate! Can you see a vicious cycle here?

Well we hope that we've saved you a lot of time and effort with this informative article. In order to have a meaningful relationship with someone you love and respect (giggle, giggle), you have to remember three things. Rule one: don't lie, it'll just get you into trouble later. Rule two: don't make the rest of the world sick with your stupid infatuation. Rule three: ignore rule one if you're cheating. By the way, you can send your fan mail, hate mail, sexual requests, seedy stories, and the like to: VAN MAN/RPO 5817. I'll be waiting.

TON OF GRASS. I LINED A HUNDRED GIRLS UP AGAINST THE WALL.

PERSONALS

Submit to Us Next Semester!!

This may be the last issue of the year, but don't worry—we'll be back next semester to give your life meaning, purpose, and direction. We understand how difficult it will be surviving that long winter break without Biff and Buffy to enlighten your Wednesdays, but you'll make it through. So maybe you won't get a date for the next month, maybe you'll resort to calling those 1-900 numbers again, and maybe you'll masturbate four times a day until your penis falls off... but WE WILL BE BACK!

Tune in January 1993 to find out if Biff got laid over break (and will he try, will he try!!) and if Buffy is still getting laid (oh she will be!! she will be!!)

Good luck on finals.

♥ ya always, Biff and Buffy

WINNIE—MY NIPPLES EXPLODE WITH DELIGHT FOR YOU. I WANT TO MAKE FLUFFERNUTTER SANDWICHES OUT OF YOUR BODY ON A BED OF WAFFLES AND MAKE LOVE TO YOU LIKE A CRAZED WEASIL. DON'T DENY ME OF YOUR CUTE BUTT. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!! —OPIE

"... Years goby, Will I still be waiting for somebody to understand? Years goby Will I still choke on my tears 'til finally there is nothing left? One more casually, you know, We're too EASY, easy, easy, easy..."

Cute brunette who works out a lot seeks a good looking guy who gives great massages. RPO 2181

Massages? Massages? Massages are my middle name —Biff (Interested, ME?)

Condom Man—What could have been... I guess I'll have to settle for your subtle charm! ♥ HOP Elessly Virginal

To the guy in Comp Pol MW5 who wore a suit and tie Mon 11-16 and Giant jacket 11-18. You've got the look I've been searching for. If interested and available let me know RPO 4548

FREE! The Rutgers College Off-Campus Van Service gives Rutgers students rides to their home or apartment in New Brunswick or Highland Park. The Van leaves from College Ave. (across from RSC) every half hour starting at 10:30PM and ending at 1:00AM. For more info call 932-6979. FREE!

To whoever wrote the personal to the guy at Cooper with the Notre Dame & Duke Hats—FUCK OFF—He's ours! (He's as good as he looks)

To Betty Boop and Aphrodite—I would very much like to hear from you again. From Brown hair and Hazel eyes. LPO 10533.

ATTENTION LIBERTARIANS AND OBJECTIVISTS—CAMPUS LIBERTARIANS TO FORM. NEED OFFICERS, MEMBERS, AND ADVISOR CONTACT CHRIS AT 214-0169 OR LPO 12822. LEAVE NAME, PHONE NUMBER, AND PO BOX.

Hippe !!

"I only have one burning desire. Let me stand next to your fire."

The he is a she Would you still say hi to me if you found me peeping through your window watching you sleep one night? Just thought I'd clarify these things... —Biff

Lee—You're stunning. That's all I can say...

To Marc R.—The author of "Evil Richardson", and that stupid comic "Some Place Else". We know who you are—And we are watching you. If you dare make any more false statements about the fraternity date rape record, we will make sure you can't draw anymore. You queer bastard.

So, exactly which of you homophobic frat boys holds the record for the most date rape records. —Biff

Obviously you idiots can't take a joke. Fine. Just don't expect me to turn the other cheek. You are talking on more than you can handle. Watch out (Not that you'll see me coming anyway!) —Jake

S—"A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle..." —H.

Biff—I'm heartbroken and sad to read your proposition to "Bored". We haven't even met and yet you seek another. I must know where I stand. The "right time" may be drawing near, but I'm afraid I may have had false hope of our everlasting, mysterious passion. Prove me wrong, sweetie! ♥ ME

After our cryptic and intriguing conversation over the phone and "those envelopes"—how could I want to seek out another? —Biff (More intrigued and interested than ever!)

To the guy in Jt's lecture W3F4. You have brown hair and big, beautiful, brown eyes. You wore bright red socks to the first exam. I'd like to run my mouse all over your body! Interested? Respond to Catwoman via the Medium.

Catwoman—you sucker. You were too scared to give him your PO Box or your phone number and now it's too late!! Wait until next semester

Preston is coming!!! Don't deny his existence. He's gone from the greenhouses, but not from our hearts. He shall return, and in a big way. ALL HAIL PRESTON!!!

Hey, Mrs. Laurie—How would you know about my penis? I would never let you that close. Go back to 42nd street—Wait, I forgot—you don't even charge for your services! Get a life, not an STD. —Jake

Well, what do you know—finally a woman who doesn't charge —Biff

Diane—I wanted you two months ago when I first saw your beautiful face. We talked all night and ended it with a kiss. Mozart wouldn't wait a sunburst but I want you —Mr. Vice President

He asked LAURIE to take a shower with him. She declined, but wouldn't you know it—within five minutes she had jumped in, naked, and spread her legs wide! She left that shower more dirty than clean.

Maybe I should become a Cook student—then even I could get laid once in a while. Even ME! —Biff

To Robb from West Orange—Oh Robb! I wish I could take your luscious lips and press them all over me! You are the most wonderful, sensuous, and lavishing man any girl could have or dream for, so how about one night to make all my dreams...

...come true! Just give me a howl at the window, run to my room, and bite my neck like Dracula would in the heat of passion! And make sure to bring your bone! From the urinal sicko.

Slug—The semester isn't even over, yet I miss your sensual suggestions and insanely orgasmic comments in my open holes already... Love ya Lambchops! —Taco Woman

Mildly insane, weird, and generally creative male seeks a woman for stress relief during finals. Relationship possible, but not necessary. Medium Box 8-2

The guys in Newell 25 have hamertoes

Nike—I bet you a pizza you like that shit (don't you?) ♥ Ariel

Denise—Have a wonderful last day of classes. Stay crazed and never be sane!! —Biff (Can I have your single?)

Tam—is that piece of coal still lodged up your butt or what? I can help you with that (tweezers) C'mon loosen up and go with the flow! —Bor.

SWM, who wants to be into bondage, whips, and whip cream, seeks a female with which to experiment with. Be cute and willing. Write Medium 8-2 and be ready for your judgment. And I do mean anything!!!

FOR SALE—ROLAND W-30 MUSIC WORKSTATION. This is a full size, 64 key, electronic sampling keyboard, w/ built-in sequencing and disk drive. Includes over 40 disks worth of sounds, original manual, stand, and Peavy 60 watt amp. Excellent condition! Asking \$1500.00 Ask for KW at 247-0517

Dream Girl (?)—You requested for more clues in your response—You live on Jameson, you wear beads, you have a black LA Kings hat, your name begins with an "M". If you are her then great, but if you're not write to me anyway. Write to LPO 11975. —Secret Admirer

MARCIA—"I stop and stare too much/ Afraid that I care too much/ And I hardly dare to touch/ For fear that the spell may be broken./ Takes me completely/ Touches so sweetly/ Reaches so deeply/ I know that nothing can stop me." FOREVER YOUR SECRET ADMIRER

Eric E.—Loved and lost some people say when usually it's nothing sure you're happy it should be this way? I said "NO" and then I shot myself so drink, DRINK, DRINK and be ill tonight from the one you left behind. Your loving Friends?

Nicole T.—Thanks roomie, for all your help this semester. I hope you know how much I appreciate your friendship. Your the greatest!! Love ya, Jennifer

I'm 2 hairy 4 Taheri, 2 hairy for Taheri, 2 hairy its scary! Happy Birthday you nostril flaring youngster! Ya know I really like your hair (Gaston's too!) You are the greatest friend anyone could wish for! Thank 4 the turkey dinner—it was great! Love ya, Mandy.

Little Billy where are you? We don't see you at dinner anymore. We're really worried. The pedophile has been asking about you and even salivates at the sound of your name. T'es-tu perdu dans la chambre au fond de Lick 12? —Your "Legendary" dinner buddies.

FUCK YOURSELF, "ALEX"!!!!!!

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UP-CHUCKA WILLIE, YOUR BALLS ARE DEAD! WENT TO HEAVEN, WENT TO HELL. FUCKED THE DEVIL.

PERSONALS

Commodore 128 Computer. Practical Penipherals external 2400 BPS modem. Commodore 1541 drive, Commodore 1581 drive, Commodore MPS802 Printer, Will sell individually. Best offer takes Call Chris at 214-0169

Notre Dame & Duke hats—Yeah, you.—We love the goatee—are you gonna get a 4.0 this semester (Again)? Harvard Law School awaits, as do we

To the girl who lives in Newell and is friends with the girl with the colored stripe in her hair Your name is Laura. I think you are the most beautiful and intriguing woman I have ever seen Beauty, body, and (hopefully) brains, too Too bad you lost at volleyball, 'cause I think you're a real winner... ♥ Me

and you say you never get a Personal! —♥ Buffy

Cathy, Julie, Heather, Shilpa, Br-Bin, Mark, Neil! You guys are the best! (Told ya I'd put one in for ya, Br. Couldn't leave everyone else out, though) ♥ Laur

Louis—Where's my personal this week? I was looking so forward to reading your enticing words which make every part of my body quiver with tremendous orgasmic tendencies. I don't know how I'm going to make it through winter break without hearing from you. By the way, why don't you ask Jay how he made me bleed. ♥ Buffy

S—"You've been running away from what you don't understand..." —H

FOR SALE—Amiga 500 computer, with color, stereo monitor, 1 meg RAM, 3 1/2" disk drive, original manuals, lots of software, great graphics and sound, good word processor and very user friendly. Excellent condition! Asking \$650.00 Call Ken at 247-0517

Ernie—Now that you're an equal, maybe you deserve the best there is... Baby, I love ya! You little schmata! —Buffy

Need a roommate? Large single available Jan. 1st. Cable, Wall to Wall carpeting, kitchen, plenty of parking, quiet neighborhood. We are non-smoking, drug-free, clean individuals who seek the same. Serious replies only. Write to LPO 11975 or call 846-3185.

Pat (P.M.)—...And I hope someday you'll be the reason I'm up all night! —♥ A.M.

To the girl I saw on the EE bus—7:45 am on 11/19/92. You are incredibly gorgeous and have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. RU for real? —CPO 3113

Cara just lied here, naked, waiting for him to fuck her when he was done with Jill But he had already fucked her last week, so he was having none of her Poor Baby

Get your tickets now! On Dec. 4, the mighty Ruth Adams Building will take on the Colossal Biology Building. It's not a game anymore.

This is to the dude I call MCAT MAN in Topics in Medicinal plants W2 on Cook. You sit in the front, have dark skin and a moustache WIFE THE CUM OFF YOUR FACE AND GET THE DICK OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!

To all Rutgers students—Thank you for making my educational experience here truly wonderful. Sharing classes and bus rides with you has drastically enriched my life Hug yourselves for me, and never change. —Love Spanky, CPO 786

Big Puckin Keg Party with No Restraints performing live with their new demo. Everyone is invited! At Birchwood Apts. on Hamilton St. New Brunswick Apt. #107. 8:00pm showtime. Dec. 12th Sat

Rachel, Sandra, and Paul, thanks a lot for giving me a ride home Thursday Night. In a way I wish you were axe murderers, so I wouldn't have to take expos. Rachel and Sandra, you are too good looking to be murderers anyway Thanks again, Nick

How come Buffy gets laid ('as true. I got the wood—Buffy) and Buff doesn't? —Brought to you by the Coalition to get Buff Laid Again (Yes—again!) Before the Year 2000.

Are you gay, lesbian, or bisexual & no one to talk to? Looking for ways to meet people? Call RU Lesbian, Gay & Bisexual hotline at 932-7886.

Jake the prick is really heinous! He kisses ass so much! With girls he wants to be famous! but none of them he can touch... And on the seventh day God created vaseline and set it forth upon Guy H. Guy sought out this lubricant and he rubbed one out.

Mature SWF (18) seeks tall, mature male with a love of outdoors and indoors by the fireplace for a good relationship and some fun times Please respond to CPO 0860 Serious responses only please!

Bunny—The caress of your lips, your stroking fingertips, warmth of your smooth flesh creates ungluing excitement along my body, as I become slickly wet, aching to receive you, and together we are engulfed in a single flame. Squirrel

Blue Eyes—There's nothing like friendship, eh?!! Your "skills" never fail to amaze and please me. Hopefully my "services" have proved satisfactory for your needs. I you ever need "anything", you know where to "come!"—the other Blue P.S.—Lemme know when you're ready for 100 times the pleasure!

Biff—As far as partners are concerned, you've been incredible. While our personalities don't always match, our bodies have... (Yeah, anyway) The best Christmas gift I could give you would be most luscious body, but since that's not happening, I wish you best sex always!! —Buffy

Aw, gosh!

To all the Tuition Hike Protesters—You all voted for Clinton/Gore, and you know they promised the students Free Tuition. Now they are in office, so sit your liberal asses down and start plucking those Arkansas chickens, because those will be the only jobs after college!

FOR SALE—1986 Caprice, unmarked police interceptor. 350 cid, 4bbl, Heavy Duty Pkg. New transmission, carburetor, tierods, ball joints, brakes. Power steering/brakes, heavy duty A/C, rear defog, am/fm cassette. \$2450 or make any offer. MUST SELL. (908) 251-2105 Ask for Joe or leave message.

Heywood—Believe me—it can't be anything worse than I've thought said or done. There are times when I want to scream I'm not worthy, but thankfully, I always remember I am. So are you. —S B M

You 90210 watching, Sega playing, blunt rollin', 40 drinking and spades playing mother fuckers on the fourth and sixth floors of the South Towers. What are the stakes this week? We're up for anything! From—the three creepin' ho's from the Quads.

Ain't no shame in my Game. How about a game of one on one? If you're interested, drop me a line to LPO 10819 Mouse

Cute, petite, bi-curious female interested in experiencing a woman's touch for the first time. I've heard that women understand another woman's sexual needs better than a man. Prove me right. Cute women only (No bitches or men) Medium Box A-1

To My Nutsy Little Italian—Please don't leave me!! —♥

You don't want to fuck with me, chickies I can name names and describe events Are you sure you want to start a war when I have all the ammunition? —Jake

Hey Pooky—Your shoes never fall off because you can't see so good! IEH LIEBE DEINE AISLE! I came over for hot cho. late and a warm blanket on Wednesday night but neither were offered. I'm very angry at that, GOD DAMN IT! I'LL DO CIRCLES AROUND YOU!!... JULIUS

ChnsM—You're golden locks drive me wild!! You're irresistible!! —♥

Mario (Voorhees)—Guess what? Black men are better. Maybe your friend Lenny can help me prove that wrong because you haven't. See Ya! The Colombian Bean

Cro-Magnon Woman—My name is Spammer/I live on the second floor/I live in Voorhees/ Yes, I think you've seen my before/ If you hear me late at night / I might be screaming in delight/ Just don't ask me what I said... Just Kidding—Granny Helen

JULIUS—ARE YOU SICK OF ME YET? I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL BREAK, YOU'LL LOVE YOUR GIFTS. VISITING CONNECTICUT, ALISON, STRAWBERRY SAUCE, BEING ALONE... IT'LL BE GREAT AW... DON'T GO!!! STAY FOR A FEW MINUTES. ♥ TEACUP

MIKE, MY FELLOW JOURNEY FAN, ISNT... ♥ ME

Q—What else do Jake, Chet, and Ted have in common? A—They all have small dicks! (especially Jake) ♥ The Mrs. P.S.—Brad, you wish!

Boogieman... I can't figure you out. Words and more words come out of your mouth. Are you for real or are you master of manipulation. Certain things have gone to your head—I caution. You know the truth, but that I can change. So don't build a wall and let our friendship rearrange.

BRAIDS—At Copper Dining Hall—You always wear a flannel and you always manage to look away everytime there's an attempt to make eye contact. The semester's almost over—at least smile back.

Dear Rach—Next semester we'll walk every night, at 11 p.m.—right? ♥ Julie

Wendy—Watch the haze drift by, and ride the clouds. WE'll pass through the mists, find what none can see... peace be free —The Acid Warrior.

Dear Brazilian Babe—We know you're hot for teacher, but you have lots of rivals in Psych 101! We're the ones who really satisfy Warren's ID!... You can have the calculator. (We earned our 5 credits—in his bedroom!) The Polish Nymphomaniacs

BWM—Straight acting, "not into the scene". Outgoing, and likes to meet people all the time. Enjoys the outdoors and what life has to offer. Looking for similar for friendship and possibly more CPO 3425

Dear Mark and Brian—Just wanted to say hi and wish you luck on finals. I guess I'll see you at the Reunion in January! ♥ Julie

To those who voted for Clinton—Read my lips: Another Carter! Remember these words in 1996 when inflation is on steroids and the US is really the toilet bowl of the world. Don't come crying when you're making \$36,000 a year and you're considered the upper class.

Get hammered with No Restraints and their new vicious and brutal demo tape. Appearing live at Birchwood Apts. #107 at a big keg party On Dec 12th Sat. Beginning at 8:00p.m. Beer will be flowing and No Restraints will be playing.

Mandy, Ska, Maria—Thanks for Ministry and for thinking of me on my birthday I had a great time (so did Ken). P.S. Thanks also for the RICE. PSS Mandy—"NANA"—Cath "I'm so confused"

To those beautiful, beautiful light brown eyes on the fourth floor of the South Towers, LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX!! From the three virgins in the Quads.

CHRISTINE—YOU DICK- SUCKING, DISEASE INFESTED CUNT! GET YOUR SMELLY, FAT ASS OUT OF EVERYONE'S FACE & TRY TO LOSE THAT UGLY COTTAGE CHEESE BLUBBER. IF I EVER SEE YOU'RE ROLLY POLLY BODY AROUND COOK, I WILL SHOVE LIQUID DRAIN UP YOUR GAP. YOU SORRY BLOW-PIG!

The MYA Tau pledge class is and will always be #1!

My Dearest "ME"—Dance with me, dance with me! What?—You can't dance? Well, neither can I. How 'bout we just go through the motions.

Hey, Public Health Majors! Don't forget to come to the R.U.P.H.A. General Meeting and Holiday Party on Wed. Dec. 9 at 8:00pm in LSH B269. There will be lots of food! So, don't miss it.

Luis form DST— I read all your other personals. I see you around and I like what I see. I think you would too. If you want to see more, a lot more, write to me at U. Interest

He tit-fucked Jill and came n her face, but she wouldn't fuck him because she wanted him to respect her. Now that makes sense!

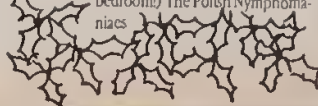
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The Dream, a discourse by Hanno Rex.

You will read it hunched over, so no one can catch you at it. If you admit you read it, you will hasten to say it's no worthy of comment, it's beneath contempt. And you will likely feel that way, at first. But in a while you will realize you can't avoid the question. Is it truth?

You had better hurry, before it is banned.

Send \$3.95 to Hanno Rex, Box 3073, Hollywood, FL 33022



ALL IS WELLS. ON HIS TOMBSTONE, WRITTEN IN GREEN: "UP-CHUCKA

"WILLIE WAS A FUCKIN' MACHINE!"

PERSONALS

Christine—It's over now, the music of the night —Phantom

This paper sucks. All those females who write for this paper who claim that they are feminists are fooling themselves. *The Medium* isn't fit to wipe my dog's ass.

My dog has no problem with it — Biff

Andrew... or is he the fuckin' old man who is the biggest... cock in the world! I'm going to fucking piss my pants Michelle

Rumor has it that even Biff could get laid in Nicholas D-Wing...

To Saturday Night Slut—Don't cry and bitch because you can't ride the stallion of your dreams one more time. And yeah it is like a guy not to call you once he finds out how much of a sleazy sack of slut you are. Next time spell my name right you stupid tramp.

...By the way, that \$100 you gave me will come in handy I'll take a real lady out with it. But hey, if you want the man to rock your world, just one more time, have that hundred ready. cash, 'cause I don't take American Express! —Ravishing Rey

TO LUIS D.—(QUAD ID) You are a great friend, I LOVE spending time with you, HON. Now that I found someone as special & such a great guy like you I hope I never lose you... Love... ♥You Know Who ☉ M. (Quad I)

He fucked Becky the first night we were here. She even provided the condom. What class.

Rachel, if you don't have a boyfriend, and are at all interested, write my LPO 11548—Nick. If you have a man, then just take it as a compliment that I think you are a wonderful, (and wonderful looking) young lady. I am forever in your debt.

Kinky Guy looking for Kinky Gal. Need I say more? —Van Man/ RPO 5817

To Darryl (of the R.U. guard)— I really like you. You do not know me well, but I hope you would like to From an admirer you would least suspect

Buttercup— I'm not quite Westley, but loved the movie (hope that counts). Romantic, 5'9", brown hair, brown eyes I'm like Fezzig in rhyme, but that's only some of the time. I'll stop now, I mean it, but first, would anyone like a peanut? Interested? Write to RPO 1855.

Confused about your sexuality? Need someone to talk to? Call the Rutgers University lesbian, gay, and bisexual hotline at 932-7886—We're here Monday— Friday from 7 to 11pm.

To Jake .. I mean Austin from Crew— Now that I know who you really are, I think you are a pig-fucking, two- faced, girlfriend-cheating, ass- kicking, prick from hell that can't get pussy if your life depended on it— Suck my clit, Austin—you need the experience.

Eloquent hostility.

MIKE— YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THAT BLONDE, STUPID, FISHY, DISEASE- INFESTED, CUM- DRIPPING, HEIFER- LOOKING, SMEGMA CUNT- FUCKING ASSHOLE!! IF HER FIVE FUCKING BLUBBER ROLLS CONTACT YOU AGAIN, I'LL RIP HER CLIT OUT WITH A SPOON!! THE ONLY REASON WHY SHE LOVES FUCKING DOGGY STYLE IS BECAUSE SHE IS ONE!!

Even better...

Bunny— He's quiet and sweet/ Writing programs all night/ Whenever we meet/ He beeps my nose/ Together Squirrel and Bunny/ I learn naughty habits. When they get together/ They make like rabbits/ I love snuggling with you! Squirrel

How the fuck do you 'beep' someone's nose??? You make us want to puke!!! —Biff & Buffy

To the tall, bearded, brown-haired, blue-eyed member of the Varsity Crew team (I think) who was at the Lightweight House on Saturday 11/21, I find you very attractive and would like to find out if you have a personality also. Respond via the Medium ASAP. ♥Krissy

HA HA! You're beat! This is the last issue until next semester.

Ulanu—It seems we'll have to wait until next semester for our lips to cross that empty and yearning space between them. I quiver in anticipation of them finally meeting. ♥J or B. or I. or whatever my name is this week.

When I walked into Tillet and saw you standing there I thought to myself, "I must have died and gone to heaven"...

...And then I saw your 600lb boyfriend and realized that this wasn't heaven—it was pure hell!!

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of our faithful readers who made this job somewhat bearable (especially those who sent money). Have a good break and we'll see you next semester.

Jen— Do I dare say those 3 little words to you. Go fuck yourself. Debaters—I have 9 words for you. Who sneezed & gave methose warm fuzzy feelings? I love you guys. Looking forward to 2nd semester. ♥Heather

10 Reasons Why Sheep Are Better Than Women: 1. You only spend money on them once. 2. You don't need a cool car to pick one up, a truck will do. 3. They can't talk. 4. For good sex, bring them to the edge of a cliff and they'll push back better. 5. They're more stable on "all fours" 6. They make cooler sounds. 7. If they aren't shaved, it doesn't matter. 8. They'll never ask you to eat them. 9. You can clean your johnson off in their fur when you're done fuckin' them. 10. If you get pissed at them you can send them to the butcher. —The Swede

Oh my God! Her butt is so big!— Do you have, like, a meal plan?— Eeww! Love, Rainman's love slave.

To Marley— Hey buddy, where are we going for my birthday? Did I remind you what I wanted for X—mas? Ha! Ha! Dude, we're gonna party, party... The city is waiting for us. Hey, "how do you like it done?" You and Kandy kill me! See ya! Love, Lil' Rosy (you know the rest!)

To "SWM 26"— I am an Arts loving female at RC from Md with a brain and opinions of my own. I'm looking for a much needed friend—Cafe Newa has got the Best Chocolate Raspberry! If you're looking for a friend and/or confidante, respond via Medium —Pixie

Get out of my face, toilet face!!!

My '67 Camaro— You are the biggest cock loving scrub I've ever met. There is a big innuendo I'm you will love. Your code is GS. Too bad we are only close friends. ♥MJ

To Arthur F. on Busch— Stop on those calculus equations and work on me for awhile, I need some late night tutoring on those HARDORAL EXERCISES!!!!



Big, Hard and Able COMMADOR 128 FOR SALE! Perfect Condition. Includes: printer, color monitor, disk drive, and software. Call Jennette 220-1087. Price Negotiable.

To the sandy-blond-haired ponytail-wearing, wire-rimmed glasses sporting man I see at Tillet every day— Who are you? Please contact the plaid-wearing, Doc-Marten sporting, short-haired brunette who sits near the window at LPO 12758 (or come & sit w/ me.)

MANHATTAN — It's been a long time, huh? I know it seems I want you, but it's probably just the Hopkins Genius—or lack thereof! I never did see Princess Bride with anyone... Good luck with Tas. The two hours last week was much needed, me thinks. bear with me... please. —Pixie

Pollize—you have to teach me how to use Eddie Murphy "Raw" as an aphrodisiac.

SWM interested in occult seeking female. Respond via telepathy

"Villos, oreon onoman Villatos pallikarin, andan na peina sikostei, na stisei na kortarei, na stisei rashan che leuron, che villon os cheipano. Poios kolos en ton pelhuura, poios poultos en ton ehelei. Ton korashion krii hara, paraioika ton uranon, Vizazarka ton poustion, che I zisi ton poustauron."

CALLING ALL MARVEL FANS— What the fuck happened w/X-CUTIONER'S SONG? Not only did it create new problems, but the art sucked! Bring back Whilce, Jim, and Rob! Mutants unite! Let's talk Respond via The Medium —ANGRY MUTIE

Goobar—It's hard for me to keep myself from you, but for now I guess its best. (Although I DO wish a little voice would tell me otherwise.) They say absence makes the heart grow fonder I hope so. Call me when the time is right. Love, A PAIN IN THE ASS

To My Chiquita Banana— How I miss your big floppy bear, your flowered comforter, your Woodstock poster, your "different" music. We had many good times, and don't worry even when I'm not "here", I'll be back to visit you. (You're not getting rid of me that easy, buddy) Love ya! Your roommate.



Golly Gee, isn't firing a .44 Magnum just a barrel o' giggles? The thought of leaving a one foot wide exit wound makes me giddy See ya on the range!

To "Totally Uninterested" who would rather fuck your dog (and is worried about getting the name right)... I want to ask you something about your "after school activities" Write to PO Box 6103, East Brunswick, NJ, 08816. (Yeah, put a stamp on that letter)

"Lonely Greek male and good-looking as well seeks female friends. Only serious responses please!! Respond to BPO 22702

Baena— 'Duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck... Oh yeah! I say Goode... —La

Derek— Your presence will be greatly missed. Don't ever forget us, "THE YOUNG ONES", answering machines, "THE ASS SMELL", Palm Grinding, "NO MORE UP BUTT, ME BREEDING", UNCLE GENITALS, LIQUID BONUS, "FRUIT AND EGG BUFFET", and LIARS I speak for 'Duck, Duck, and Goose' —A DUCK

DESPERATELY SEEKING FEMALE— I am unlearned in the ways of the flesh. In need of women to put me on the right path. Applicants must be attractive; willing to knock an ogre's boots I shall await your reply Respond via THE MEDIUM —Joe D

What suite "friend of a friend" is this? —Sandy, I think...

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I Got Dem MEDIUM Blues

Some musings on the state of our fine paper...

D.J. Sussman, Arts Editor

Well, it looks like the ol' Medium has done it again. We've managed to print an article so offensive, so derogatory, I wonder if we'll ever be taken seriously or respected again (not that we ever were...)

I'd like to defend this newspaper, to stand up for the trash we too often print, but sometimes I find this impossible to do. I mean, how can one defend an article demeaning overweight women with no cause, an article that had no artistic merit, no humor, no satirical value ("Hoggin!", Dec. 2, 1992)?

One can argue until he's blue in the face about First Amendment rights, and how printing the article was in no way illegal; it's "protected" by the law. These defenders of free speech are, of course, right in their arguments; if we ban publication of that article, what comes next? Censorship is a Pandora's Box best left closed, even if it results in the printing of trash like "Hoggin!"

But that still doesn't justify the article. Why is it necessary to bash a minority (and yes, that article was about a minority. Substitute black or gay or Jew for "fatty" and it's

if you will. We don't exist as a traditional newspaper, but rather as a forum for the (usually obscene) undercurrent of chaotic thought that no one can deny exists at this university. It's laudable that we're willing to bring these ideas and attitudes to the masses. It legitimates the ideas, and validates their existence in what would otherwise be a school without different (albeit offensive, disgusting, vulgar, etc.) viewpoints.

However, the key to actually printing an alternative viewpoint is intelligence. No one will accept or even give a second thought to an article that doesn't make sense (in either its language or argument) or doesn't establish a point for its existence. Once the words get put to paper, they are intrinsically meant for the masses, not just a jumble of chaotic thoughts inside the writer's head (which is the way most of the articles in the Medium read). The absence of intelligent reasoning in the writing of this paper invalidates the message, ensuring no one will actually learn anything or ponder the article's meaning. The most a reader can walk away with after perusing the overabundant unintelligible ramblings in the Medium is a fleeting notion of having been entertained.

At the risk of sounding pretentious and egotistical, let me defend an article I wrote as being intelligent. "Darling, Your Cornhole Drives Me Wild!" (Oct. 28, 1992) was certainly vulgar and obscene, and caused something of a stir among the "ruling class" of this school (the deans, the LCGA). However, I hope those who took the time to read it saw the intense satirical message behind it. If not, I'll explain it to you: Everyone has seen students with various parts of their anatomy pierced, students who seem to marvel at the "coolness" of their self-mutilation. Body piercing is an interesting practice ripe for lampooning and satirizing, and what better way to do it than by blowing the practice out of proportion, yet putting it in a real enough context that it could almost seem true (and yes, people have asked me if that article was for real). I was vulgar not because of a child-like desire to use four-letter words, but to be shocking and ludicrous enough so that my satirical look at body art would be effective. I didn't demean anyone, and no damage was done. An intelligent message could be easily found in the article. Sure,

the vulgarity isn't for everyone, but at least I (arguably) had a point in using it.

The sad thing is, the Medium has fallen into a trap I doubt we can get out of. Namely, our style perpetuates itself. By not being serious, we fail to attract serious writers (case in point: there are but two journalism majors on the editorial board or staff of this paper). The fact is, we can only print what people write for us, so if all we get is juvenile trash,

that's what we're forced to print if we want to publish at all. The editors of the Medium (sometimes) make a conscious effort to solicit intelligent articles, but we continu-

ally fail to get them. We are doomed by the irreverent path we've chosen to take.

Of course, no one (myself included) wants to see the Medium

become a stale, dull newspaper that students will ignore. On the other hand, the Medium is increasingly serving no legitimate purpose at all, and if we continue to a c t unintelligently and juvenile, we will no doubt drag ourselves to our ruin. I wonder if there are any irreverent yet intelligent writers out there

who can save us (and still maintain our "alternative" edge), or if they've left us to our own devices.

The future of the Medium is, at best, uncertain...



Was this article too offensive even for the MEDIUM?



Even at this size, it's still derogatory...

still the same article) to the point of making them feel less than human? Overweight women have enough problems to deal with in a society that reveres the slender body without front-page articles describing them as objects of ridicule and scorn.

Some would say: "Oh, it's only the Medium. It's supposed to be disgusting." OK, I can buy that; it's half the reason I joined this paper. I believe in the Medium's irreverence, its "fuck you" mentality. No one would argue that this paper's got a set of brass balls the size of the Busch Bubble, and I think this is good. Call us the "alternative press"

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ARTS WITH A BLISSFUL FEELING...

JOYOUS Yuletide GREETINGS FROM MISTER NATURE! R.P.O. 209-1

Mister NATURE

BY CHRISTOPHER McCULLOUGH & RALPH VINCELLI



GLAD TIDINGS, FELLOW NATURE ENTHUSIASTS. MISTER NATURE, HERE! WELL, IF YOU READ MY STRIP LAST WEEK, YOU'D KNOW THAT BILLY AND I HAVE BEEN RAISING TWO BABY CONDORS IN ORDER TO SAVE THE SPECIES! NOW, HEH YOU SOMETIMES RUN INTO A PROBLEM OR TWO WITH WILDLIFE, AND, SO, AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE DOWN TO ONLY ONE BABY CONDOR...



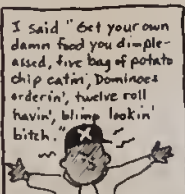
WE'VE RAISED THIS LIL' FEATHERED TYKE IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER AS OUR OTHER BIRD, SO, ONCE AGAIN, WE'VE SEEN AN ASTONISHING GROWTH RATE - WEIGHING IN AT AN ADULT-SIZE 20 LBS., I THINK HE'S READY TO LEAVE THE NEST NOW! THIS IS WHERE WE HAD TROUBLE WITH CONDOR #1. BUT THIS TIME, WE HAVE HELP...



YOU SEE, THIS CATAPULT WILL LAUNCH THE BIRD TO A SAFE ENOUGH ALTITUDE THAT HE CAN RIDE THE AIR CURRENTS, AS IS THE CUSTOM OF THE MAJESTIC CONDOR...



James' Damn Journal.

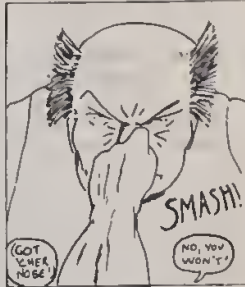
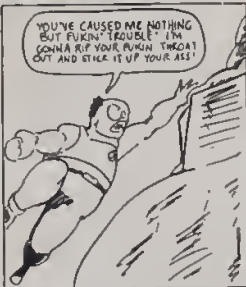
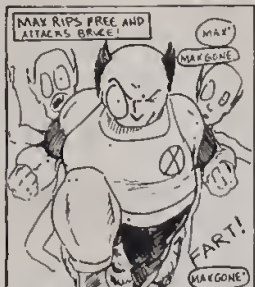
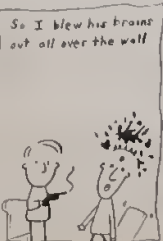


(BY KEITHO. MURPHY & MUCKY '92)



TIM'S JOURNAL 2

by TIM



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SEMESTER

Holidays shake around the corner

Beware

Lurking in this obscene and brutal World... It seeks out victims for its surprise attack strategy, hoping to catch the ordinary college students offguard and unaware. Suddenly, It makes its move-- striking fear into its victim so it can make its final, deadly approach. It takes the helpless poor soul by the neck and casts its draining syringe into the dormant brain of the human jello pop, sucking the very life out, until only the skeleton of a body is left. It leaves the piles of bones lying on the ground and lurks off to find its next prey.

What is this horrible creature and how can it go around taking lives as if it was just part of a sick game? We all know this creature very well and have lived to tell about it. Now, its time is coming again-- VivrinTime-- get out the No Doze Drug! Sleep?!? HA!!!! Haven't seen sleep in weeks! Yes, it's EXAM TIME!!!!

Music

Wednesday 12/9
Voodudes
Union County Coll, Cranford

Planet 10
Court Tavern, New Brunswick

Thursday 12/10
Law and Order
Bad Biscuit
EZ Access
Club Bene, Sayerville

Flaming Lips
Fastlane, Asbury Park

Friday 12/11
Malevolent Creation
Epidemic
L'Amour, Brooklyn NY

World Within
Solar Circus
Scandals, South Brunswick

American Angel
Club Bene, Sayerville

Reignance
Troubled Soul
Dream Street
Shredd
Cricket Club, Irvington

Saturday 12/12
Night Train
Old Bay, New Brunswick

Barleycorns
Gripweeds
Court Tavern, New Brunswick

TYPE O NEGATIVE
L'Amour, Brooklyn NY

Sunday 12/13
Widowmaker
Roxx
Pistol Dawn
Limelight, NYC

Coming soon to a
theater near
YOU...

1. Danzig
White Zombie
Kyuss
Roseland, NYC
Dec. 19 at 8pm

2. Bodycount
Exodus
DRI
Pro-Pain
L'Amour,
Brooklyn Dec. 19

3. Spin Doctors
Beacon Theater
Dec. 30 at 8pm

and holy shit but
not in your
pants...

4. PEARL JAM
Ritz, NYC
New Year's Eve

i think i'm gonna cum
all over myself...

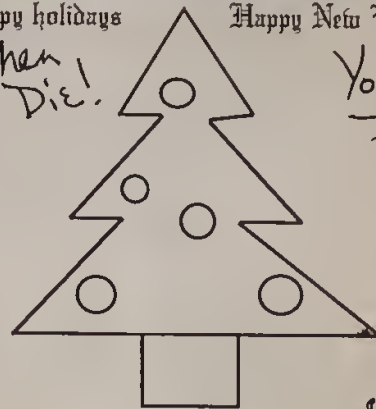


Happy holidays

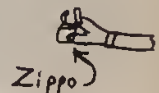
Then
Die!

Happy New Year

You
Fuck!



Events



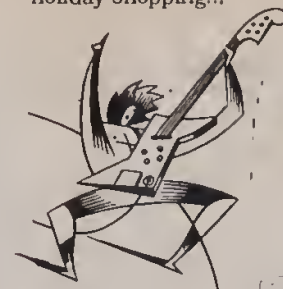
Thursday, Dec. 10
Monday Schedule
Last day of classes

Friday, Dec. 11
Reading Day
No School! Just studying
for finals all day!!!

Monday, Dec. 14
Finals start
Challenge to all who
cram!!

Sunday, Dec. 20
Chanukah
A Joyous day for those
who have no exams on
monday.

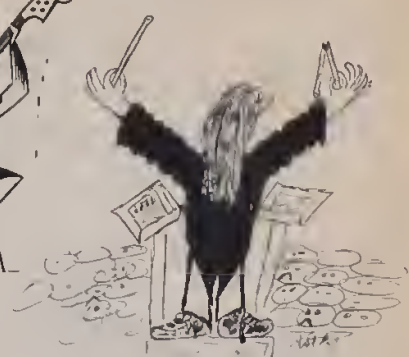
Monday, Dec. 21
Finals End
Free at last, off to start
holiday shopping!!!



Friday, Dec. 25
Some famous holiday
involving spending a great
deal of money, having
lights all over the place,
visiting relatives (OH JOY),
and a big fat red guy
trespassing on everyone
's property while molest-
ing reindeer.

Thursday, Dec. 31
New Year's Eve
A relatively calm evening
where a few friends gather
to enjoy each other's com-
pany.

Friday, Jan 1, 1993
New Year's Day
A day for sleeping off
hangovers and waking up
in someone's bathtub with
your clothes on back-
ward.



Where You Want My Dick, Ren?



Right here
Stimpy!